

The Critic

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Literature

"Savonarola: His Life and Times."*

'STATES are not governed with paternosters,' said the wise Cosimo de' Medici. Savonarola controverted the maxim, and denounced its author as a tyrant; yet Savonarola's own brief career as high priest of a theocracy, under 'King Jesus of Florence,' was a demonstration of its soundness. And apart from general considerations drawn from the study of human nature, there was a fatal inconsistency in Savonarola's attitude which involved his whole scheme in predestined failure.

The Protestant Reformation had its origin in a moral revolt against the vices of the Papacy. Nowadays we are accustomed to survey the movement in its intellectual aspect, as the first great step in the emancipation of thought. But the moral element preceded and vitalized the intellectual. Of Luther's as of Savonarola's eloquence the flame was fed by a righteous indignation, a moral ardor. Yet Luther succeeded where Savonarola failed. There were many reasons for this disparity in results, chief among which was the essential unlikeness in the characters of the men. The strong good sense with which Luther was endowed enabled him to perceive things in their true relations. To Luther the vileness of the fruit suggested the rottenness of the tree, and step by step he was led to reject the Papacy's pretensions to a monopoly of religious truth. Savonarola, on the other hand, condemned the effect and embraced the cause. His was not a logically constructed mind, as was proved by his defiance of that very Papal authority he had been at pains to vindicate. Luther might reasonably appeal from the Pope to the Christian world at large; Savonarola invited his own fate, which was that of the rider who attempts to bestride two horses at once.

The inconsistencies and vacillations of which Savonarola was guilty are barely indicated in the volume before us. Nor has Dr. Clark succeeded in presenting a clear and convincing likeness of the subject of his sketch. It was, perhaps, impossible to treat the topic with sufficient fulness in a work of these dimensions. But without disparagement to Dr. Clark, we may observe that he is deficient in sympathetic imagination, the quality which in 'Romola' has created so rich and vivid a panorama of moving portraits. For true artistic sympathy, while careful to set down naught in malice, is equally careful to extenuate nothing, rightly considering any palliation or concealment of defects a perversion as ill-judged as for a painter to depict his sitter with black hair instead of red. At every crisis of Savonarola's career, Dr. Clark insists that he was bound to take the very course he did; and his partisanship for the great Florentine Puritan leads him to include in one condemnation all who at any time opposed his hero. George Eliot's sympathies had a wider range, and she has succeeded in imparting an air of actuality, of orderly causal sequence, to events that in

Dr. Clark's hands assume an aspect of myth and romance. Dr. Clark quotes with exemplary gravity the tradition that on one occasion Savonarola illuminated a church at night-fall by turning on a supply of light from his own features, and that a mystic dove was accustomed to hover above his head. Such legends illustrate the superstitious credulity of the Florentines of Savonarola's day and indicate a principal source of the ascendancy he enjoyed—namely, the popular belief in his possession of prophetic and thaumaturgic powers. Dr. Clark does not face the question as to whether or not Savonarola shared this belief; but there is no need of evasion. Savonarola is not an isolated figure in history; he is one of a numerous and well-defined class, the mystics, a type whose variations range from the ordinary religious fanatic to the noblest representatives of the human race. It was natural that he should prophesy, and it would have been surprising if all his predictions had missed their mark; in fact, the ambiguous and conditional character of many of them rendered their fulfilment secure. Certain it is, that his fall was the direct result of the fiasco of the 'ordeal by fire,' a test of his supernatural powers which Savonarola reluctantly accepted. It is at this supreme moment that Savonarola invites our compassion and sympathy, rather than in the hour of his glorious martyrdom, when all the forces of his brave and impassioned soul responded to his call.

Dr. Clark's painstaking biography will undoubtedly prove helpful to the student of Savonarola and his times. If he has failed in making of Savonarola a hero as well as a martyr, the blame should rest on the notorious obstinacy of facts. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

"Fra Lippo Lippi"*

ITALIAN ARTISTIC HISTORY is so full of romance that one wonders that it has not more often been used as the woof of fiction. A peep into Vasari, into Mrs. Jameson, into Crowe and Cavalcaselle, or any of the standard histories of art in Italy, reveals a wealth of dramatic occurrence, a picturesqueness of detail, a piquancy of situation that furnish the romancer with his material ready made; all he has to do is to blow upon it with his inspiring genius and make it tremble, as the Persian juggler drops a rose-leaf on a full vase of water to work one of his dainty miracles. How wonderfully interesting Italian art, life, scenery, history could be made, if thus ensconced or enshrined in a series of fictions which, while imaginative here and there, need but tell the truth to be really stranger than fiction!

Miss Farrington has seen the poetic value of these comparatively unwrought quarries of mediæval romance, and has taken the story of Fra Lippo Lippi as the text of her pleasant work. Lippi was one of those gifted but dissolute lay-brothers who filled Florence and Rome with their impassioned Madonna-frescoes and their gallant adventures,—men of genius hiding under a cowl the better to accomplish their artistic or their adventurous purpose, and invoking the aid of the all-powerful Church to help them in their riotous living. Italy and France have always swarmed with these brilliant *fratelli* and luxurious *abbés*, whose titles should have imposed restraint on their passions but whose merry lives fill hundreds of volumes of memoirs and chronicles. One of these was Lippi, who falls in love with his model while apparently absorbed in painting ideal Madonnas, and who reflects in his sunny face all the joyousness and sunshine of amorous, captivating, art-loving Florence. He loved the singing, dancing terracotta children of Luca della Robbia, and at last he came to love a real child of his own, whose name was Filippino Lippi, and who has floated on down to us as the author of charming and seductive works. The lovely Lucrezia Buti enters the life of the *frate* and makes it exemplify the lines of Petrarch:—

*Savonarola: His Life and Times. By William Clark. \$1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co.

*Fra Lippo Lippi: A Romance. By Margaret V. Farrington. With 24 photographic illustrations. \$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Questi m'ha fatto men amare Dio
Ch' i' non devea, e men cura me stesso.

Both fall from their contemplative heights (where Goethe's 'repose' had not yet taken possession), and become *anges déchu* in the true sense of the famous poem of the singer of 'Jocelyn'; and their loves and lives fill many a page of this glowing romance into which Miss Farrington has thrown much sweetness and refinement. Fra Lippi's canvases are here reproduced in shadowy photogravure, symbolical of the way in which his story had paled until filled again with quickening color from a full palette.

More Wagner Literature*

THE IMPRESSION that Richard Wagner has made on his time is indicative of several significant things. The first and most obvious of these is the genius of the man. We do not write many books about persons of small importance in the kingdom of brains. It is, therefore, a proof of Wagner's greatness that the biographical, critical and explanatory volumes relating to him and his works already amount to a considerable library. The second indication is that while the symphony and the various forms of chamber music are still the pleasure of those 'intelligent men, gifted with special and practised organs,' who, according to Hector Berlioz, are alone to be moved by 'combinations of tones,' the opera, being a form of music made easy by means of pictures, has taken its natural position as the musical pabulum of all classes.

The Wagner war is a very stupid contest, as the general public is speedily finding out. Having fallen into an easy way of taking the opera as a mere pastime, in which it went without saying that the libretto was nonsense, the recitative a bore, and the chorus ridiculous, while only the great arias, duets, trios and quartets were to be listened to, the public was suddenly confronted with works in which there are no set numbers, no pauses, no introductory measures in the orchestra before solos, no recitative; but, instead of all these, an unbroken stream of melody in the orchestra, full of phrases frequently repeated with a palpable attempt at the indication of some kind of meaning, a vocal declamation only a few degrees removed from the spoken blank-verse of tragedy, and a libretto which had sense in it. Naturally enough, people said: 'We do not like this. We go to the opera to be amused, and this is a serious business.' Then the answer was made: 'You have no right to go to the opera for amusement. The opera is a serious art-form. It is a *dramma per musica*. This thing you have lately been hearing is not dramatic at all. You must return to the principles of Jacopo Peri, the inventor of opera, and of Gluck, its first reformer.'

People who desired to know what this man Wagner was aiming at, found that all the information was in the German tongue. Happily the busy hands of the translator and the adapter have removed that difficulty, and English-readers are now able to learn the difference 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.' Few people have the time or the means to go again and again, score in hand, to Wagner performances in order to become acquainted with the *leit motiven*; and it adds greatly to one's intellectual satisfaction and emotional exaltation to know the meaning of these phrases at a first hearing. The explanatory handbooks open up this knowledge to the seeker; and biographical works, and translations of Wagner's theoretical writings and letters, give full information as to the composer's purposes and art principles. The anti-Wagnerites ridicule all these books, as is to be expected. If there are any anti-Beethovenites, they must ridicule Sir George Grove's analyses of the symphonies and Elterlein's explanation of the sonatas. If there are any anti-Bachites, they must have a very small esteem for Dr. Spitta's Life of Bach; and anti-Mozartites must look with

scorn and contempt on Jahn's three volumes. For all these books undertake the same kind of labor as those which explain Wagner's music.

Such a book as Gustav Kobbé's (1) is just what the average American reader desires. He wishes to get acquainted as quickly as possible with Wagner's life, purposes, theories and music-dramas; and Mr. Kobbé has given the required information briefly, comprehensively and intelligibly. His translations of those parts of Wagner's literary works in which he sets forth his convictions as to the nature and purpose of the lyric drama, will make clear the darkness in the minds of those who could not go to the German originals and hence were without an understanding of Wagner's designs. Mr. Kobbé has included in the work his analyses of the several music dramas of the Nibelung cycle, of 'Die Meistersinger,' 'Tristan' and 'Parsifal.' It is to be regretted that he did not exhibit the musical construction of 'The Flying Dutchman'; for it was in the composition of this opera that Wagner, as he himself so eloquently tells us, first saw the necessity of the *leit motif*, and in this work is to be found the simplest, clearest and most elementary illustration of its use and purpose.

Wagner, as is now well known, was a garrulous letter-writer, and his correspondence throws a flood of light on his life, character and aims. Mr. Shedlock's collection of the letters written to Theodor Uhlig, Wilhelm Fischer and Ferdinand Heine (2) forms an admirable supplement to the notable Wagner-Liszt correspondence. The new collection covers the same period as that of the Liszt letters—1841 to 1861—and extends seven years further. There is an abundance of new matter in Mr. Shedlock's collection. The visit to Paris in 1850 is fully described in letters to Uhlig and Heine, and other matters of equal interest are discussed. There is the same old cry for money that echoed through the Liszt correspondence. One sometimes wonders if Wagner ever did any labor that was merely to win bread. But we must remember that this man's whole being was absorbed in artistic feeling. It was torture to him to do any work that was not true to art. It is one of the misfortunes of human experience that this kind of labor seldom brings pecuniary rewards till the artist's hair has all fallen out. In the meantime his family and his friends have a rather bad time of it and the artist appears in the character of a petulant mendicant. A good many persons have to be made uncomfortable in order that humanity at large may be refreshed and delighted.

Two English Literature Books*

MR. RYLAND'S 'Chronological Outlines of English Literature' (1) is a very useful itinerant guide through the mazes of English song and story, in which many welter as in a slough of despond or follow misleading 'lights' (so-called) that turn out to be only Will-o'-the-wisps. The construction of such a book demands minute attention to details, a wide grasp of general history, and good judgment in setting down really representative dates, men, and works. Mr. Ryland's plan is a double one. He first constructs a six-column chronological page in which are set down (1) the dates of important works; (2) the works and authors thereof; (3) important biographical data relating to other contemporary English authors; (4) foreign literature contemporary with English under synchronous dates; (5) facts of general European history; (6) annotations, involving such points as when such or such a play was (conjecturally) acted, how long *The Spectator* ran, and the like.

In Part II. authors' names are entered alphabetically with their chief works and the dates of them: the book is therefore extremely handy for students who for class purposes, as exercises, are told to fill out a framework (say A.D. 1500–1600) with the chief events or literary phenomena occurring therein; and also for the general reader who wants to

* 1. Wagner's Life and Works. By Gustav Kobbé. 2 vols. \$1.50 per vol. G. Schirmer. 2. Richard Wagner's Letters to his Dresden Friends. Tr. into English, with a preface, by J. S. Shedlock. \$3.50. Scribner & Welford.

* Chronological Outlines of English Literature. By Frederick Ryland. \$1.40. Macmillan & Co. 2. The Makers of Modern English. By W. J. Dawson. \$1.75. T. Whittaker.

know what was 'going on' all over Europe at a particular time. In a work containing so many literatures and names it is impossible to be absolutely accurate: contradictions and misstatements will occur, and an occasional misprint creeps in in spite of all Luther's 'devils.' Accordingly Montaigne dies twice, once in 1533 and again in 1592; uncertainties about Sir Philip Sidney (whose name is abbreviated in inconsistent ways) occur; Shakespeare's birth is not given under the memorable year 1564, though Marlowe's is; Caxton's publication of the 'Boke of the Chesse' is not put down under 1474, though it is generally believed to belong there; and *posthumous* is spelt without the *o* on p. 61. These are trifles, however, which can be readily changed or expurgated, leaving a substantially accurate book behind.

Mr. W. J. Dawson writes an instructive volume well adapted for clubs and club-reading in 'The Makers of Modern English' (2), though, inasmuch as the book discusses the poets of the nineteenth century alone, one is at a loss to justify his title. Surely the *poets* of the century are not the 'makers of modern English'—prose! A blundering title however need not obscure the real merits of the book, which begins with Burns and Byron and extends to Rossetti, Swinburne, and Morris. The salient characteristics of the varying schools and moods between these extremes are clearly brought out, while Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning in particular are comprehensively discussed in all their tendencies and kinships. The book forms an excellent accompaniment to such manuals as Randolph's 'Poets of the Last Fifty Years' or to Vol. IV. of Ward's 'English Poets.' Mr. Dawson has genuine skill in pointing out the peculiarities and mannerisms of such writers as Swinburne and the author of 'The Earthly Paradise.' He has literary skill, too, in presenting his 6 by 8 panel-pictures of poetic life in this century. The short, illustrative extracts are of course insufficient; but they cause various chords of memory to vibrate in the reader, and ought to send him to look among his books for longer ones.

"The Devil's Picture-Books" *

THE ORIGIN of playing cards, like that of paper and powder, is lost in antiquity. The East, which is the home of chance and of mystery, seems also to have been the home of games illustrating the ups and downs of fortune. As Tiberius made living torches of the martyrs whom he plunged in tar and then set on fire to light his gardens, so Eastern potentates made living 'pawns' and 'rooks,' 'knights' and 'queens' play animated games of chess and bound from one disc to another of a huge chess-board arranged in a courtyard. When the Crusaders returned from Jerusalem and Constantinople, they brought with them holy earth, holy water, palms, olive-branches, and—playing-cards. The year 1379 is the anniversary—the 4th or the 14th of July—of all devout lovers of what Burns pregnantly called 'the devil's pictured beuks'—cards. The wonderfully grotesque figures painted on these sheets came to life in that year and celebrated their Walpurgis Night, for in the year 1379 cards received their first mention in literature in a MS. preserved in the archives of Viterbo. Long before that, however, they appear to have been played. Love of chance and games of chance is an immemorial twist or crank of fallen human nature. Even the grave Egyptians sit on their solemn monuments and are seen intently playing jack-stones, knuckle-bones, and dice. Artistic Hindoos revel in beautiful games that doubtless run root and riot through their ornamental mythologies. The Japanese are brethren of the Italians in the delight they take in quaint games prefiguring success or prognosticating the future. Who would dream that the queen, the knave, the king, the ace of these slippery packs each has an elaborate genealogy, leading back, it may be, to real royalties and knaveries? Or that

pips, suits, and colors are in some cases inextricably intertangled with heraldry, garters-at-arms, and Sir Bernard Burke?

Mrs. van Rensselaer is quite right in supposing that people are generally ignorant of the charming lore contained in these painted slips, and that they would be delighted to run with her through China, Egypt, India, Cashmere, Persia, Japan, Europe and Alaska in a search for their 'origins,' use, abuse, and folk-lore. Though her facts are largely condensed from La Croix, Chatto, Taylor, and Singer, she has personally studied and examined much, ransacked the National Museum at Washington for material, and interested her friends in describing for her unique packs and uncommon series that they possess. Her account of the packs of wooden cubes used by the Alaska Indians does not quite coincide with a 'kit' of these curiosities owned by the writer,—a bundle prettily inlaid with *abelone* shell and numbering sixty or seventy in all. Indeed the theme is well-nigh inexhaustible and is far from being written out even in a large, elegant, and beautifully illustrated volume like this. Much history and many a romance are garnered up in these quaint symbolic images, which pass from hand to hand and from generation to generation without a thought.

Danske Dandridge's "Rose Brake" *

WHEN, a few years ago, we read a tiny volume of poems by Danske Dandridge, entitled 'Joy, and Other Poems,' we felt sure that there was in her verses a promise which would be fulfilled in a later collection of her poems. That later collection is now before us, and under the title of 'Rose Brake' the promise is kept. A more charming and genuine little book of poetry is seldom published. There is a rare quality of imaginativeness in Mrs. Dandridge's work, and its spontaneity and delicacy of expression are unusual. Something about it seems to suggest the manner and thought found in the poems of Christina Rossetti, but it is quite distinct in its individuality and altogether delightful. What an exquisite bit is this from 'Hope':—

Sometimes, amid the changing rout,
A rainbow'd figure glides about,
And from her brightness, like a day,
The whimpling shadows sink away.
I know that lyre of seven strings;
The seven colors of her wings;
The seven blossoms of her crown:—
There violets twine for amethyst;
Small lilies white as silk-weed down;
There myrtle sprays her locks have kissed;
And pansies that are beryl blue;
And varied roses, rich of hue;
With iridescent loving eyes
Of buds that bloom in Paradise.

'The Wood Demon' is a fantastic piece of imagination, abounding in felicitous passages, and so smooth, so singing in its music, so fresh in its conception that we should like to quote it entire. The opening lines will give some idea of its beauty:—

Within this wood there is a sprite;
He blows his horn both noon and night;
He blows his horn both night and day;
But once he blew my soul away.

We wish we had space to quote at greater length; we should like to give 'The Dryad,' 'May,' 'The Fairies' Masquerade,' 'Dreams,' 'The White Rose,' 'Fairy Fare,' and 'Are You Glad?' The fairy poems are particularly winning, and always in the poet's happiest manner. The Messrs. Putnam have given us several volumes of worthless poetry of late; but here is a true diamond, one facet of which outshines them all. Here is a poet, a joyous-hearted singer; and here is a tiny jewel of a book glowing with beauty.

* The Devil's Picture Books. A History of Playing Cards. By Mrs. J. K. van Rensselaer. \$5. Dodd, Mead & Co.

* Rose Brake. By Danske Dandridge. 75 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Recent Educational Literature

IN 'THE TIME-RELATIONS of Mental Phenomena,' Prof. Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin has done a useful work for English-speaking psychologists—as well as the general reader—by setting forth in brief and easily intelligible form the present state of knowledge in regard to the time required for the performance of mental acts. The results obtained by the laborious experiments of Wundt, Kraepelin, Lange, Martius, Münsterberg, Trautscholdt, Cattell, and Kries and Auerbach are well summed up, and the discrepancies between them, in many cases, skillfully accounted for. The theoretical results to be derived from these experiments are not yet great enough, perhaps, to make good the immense amount of time that has to be devoted to them, but this is not the only field of investigation in which patient labor looks to a possible future for its reward. The simple reactions which have until lately been the principal subject of study in the laboratory—that is, those in which a definite and expected stimulus must be responded to by a single predesignate motion—yield in interest, as far as practical application goes, to the adaptive reactions—that is, those in which the response to be given depends upon what stimulus is apprehended (as when a red light must be followed by a motion of the right hand and a blue light by a motion of the left hand). It is reactions of this latter kind, of course, which we constantly have to perform in real life. (50 cts. 47 Lafayette Place: N. D. C. Hodges.)

A PAMPHLET has been issued containing the 'Addresses at the Completion of the Twenty-fifth Academic Year of Vassar College,' in June, 1890. It opens with a brief address of welcome by the President, James M. Taylor, followed by an historical sketch, by Benson J. Lossing, of the founding of the College by Matthew Vassar. Then comes the principal speech of the occasion, by George William Curtis, and, last of all, an address by President Taylor on the future standard and requirements of the higher education. Mr. Curtis's remarks, and indeed those of the speakers generally, related chiefly to the rapid change of opinion in favor of the higher education of women—a change which in this country is now practically complete. It seems to us, however, that the partiality of some of the speakers for Vassar led them to assign to that College a greater share in effecting this change than really belongs to it. There were women's colleges in the United States, and also some that were open to both sexes, several years before the founding of Vassar; and all have borne their part in the good work. It is pleasant to know, however, that not only Vassar but all the women's colleges have proved so successful, and we hope they will go on to yet greater triumphs. (Poughkeepsie: Vassar College.)—WE HAVE RECEIVED from the Johns Hopkins Press a pamphlet entitled 'Seminary Notes on Recent Historical Literature.' It is a collection of book-reviews, marked by the same brief and somewhat superficial treatment that we are accustomed to find in the periodical press, the style being of the usual journalistic type. Just why such a collection of 'notes' should be issued from a university, it is hard to see. There is enough of such writing in the country now; and university studies, one would think, ought to be of a higher order. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.)

THE 'SELECTIONS in English Prose from Elizabeth to Victoria' (\$1.65), edited by Prof. J. M. Garnett of the University of Virginia, may be cordially commended to teachers and students. Though primarily intended as a companion to Prof. Minto's 'Manual of English Prose Literature,' which gives the lives of authors and criticism of their style, but with no extended extracts from their works, it can be used independently of that book. Thirty-three authors are represented—from Lyly to Carlyle,—and the specimens of their writing are not only well chosen for their literary merit, but their subjects are specially suited to the purposes of the student in school or college. We need only refer, in illustration of this, to such pieces as Sir William Temple's 'Ancient and Modern Learning,' Dryden's 'Dramatic Poetry,' Addison's 'The English Tongue' and critique on 'Paradise Lost,' Hume's 'Eloquence' and 'Tragedy,' Goldsmith's 'Use of Metaphors,' Hazlitt's 'Application to Study,' Lamb's 'Genteel Style in Writing,' Leigh Hunt's 'What is Poetry?' and De Quincey's 'Shakespeare.' The footnotes are few and brief, the most noteworthy being translations of the quotations from foreign languages in the text. 'A CHART OF ENGLISH LITERATURE with References' (30 cts.), edited by Prof. G. E. Maclean of the University of Minnesota, fills a dozen oblong pages, printed on one side, and is the outgrowth of the author's 'experience in the class-room.' It is not all teachers who can use such a work to advantage, but those who want a good thing of the kind will be pleased with the execution of this. (Ginn & Co.)—THE NEAT EDITION of Bacon's 'Essays,' prepared by Prof. M. B. Anderson will take its place among scholarly and critical books of its

class. The editor has some just animadversions on the slovenly text of Dr. Abbott's otherwise admirable edition. His own text has been most carefully collated with the early and the best modern editions, and appears to be irreproachable. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

PROF. T. FOWLER has issued a third and revised edition of Locke's 'Conduct of the Understanding.' It is a small volume, and contains an introduction giving a brief sketch of Locke's life, with some general remarks on the work here reprinted, then the work itself, and last of all, notes on various passages. We can hardly agree with the editor in his estimate of the work; for though it contains much that is good, and insists with equal truth and force on the importance of a right moral attitude for the attainment of truth, yet the obscurity and uninteresting character of the style greatly detract from its merits and usefulness. Nor do Prof. Fowler's notes help much towards understanding the text, since they are mostly critical and historical rather than explanatory. Nevertheless, there is much good counsel in the book, if one will take the trouble to get at it, and it will probably be useful for some time longer notwithstanding its unattractive style. The editor's notes are interesting, though rather, we should think, to those already versed in philosophy than to the young student. (Macmillan & Co.)—'A BOY'S HISTORY of the United States,' in the monthly series entitled 'Our Boys' Library and edited by Annie Cole Staley, is a laudable attempt to furnish reading which is at once wholesome and pleasant. For a half-dollar, one has here good print and paper, large type, fair margins and scores of portraits and other illustrations. The text, for which the writer claims no originality or research, is a fair presentation of the substance of what has already been written about the United States—a vast disproportion being given to one or two of the New England States. The story is brought down to July 4, 1890, and there is a chronological outline of events appended. (Worthington Co.)

MR. ANDREW S. DRAPER, Superintendent of Schools for the State of New York, delivered an address recently before the Massachusetts State Teachers' Association, which has now been published as a pamphlet. It is entitled 'A Teaching Profession,' and discusses the question whether teaching is properly a profession, and, if not, whether it can be made one. After noting the way in which the term profession is now often used to designate such occupations as baseball playing and horse-jockeying, Mr. Draper goes on to define a profession as an employment carried on 'by a trained and disciplined mind which can operate upon its own motion and so add to the world's general fund of original thought'—a definition that seems to us very wide of the mark, for original thought is one of the rarest things on earth, and can hardly be found in any country at the present time. We agree, however, with Superintendent Draper's view that teaching in the lower schools can hardly be raised to the rank of a true profession, though something can be done to give it more dignity and consideration than it now enjoys. A more elaborate training and more careful examinations are the principal reforms suggested; but the writer's views on these points are so well known that we need not dwell upon them. (Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.)

PROF. T. W. HUNT's 'Studies in Literature and Style' is written in a temperate, agreeable manner, that prepossesses the reader in its favor from the start. It is better adapted for reading than for use as a dogmatic text-book, because the style is discursive rather than definitional, and the chapters flow into each other too freely to be distinctly separated and labelled. The object of the book is to enable jurists, journalists, and general readers to communicate their thought in a lucid and intelligible style, and its sections variously treat the intellectual, the literary, the impassioned, the popular, the critical, poetic, humorous, and satirical styles, with special chapters devoted to Matthew Arnold and Emerson, and to forming independent literary judgments. Each kind is illustrated with brief—too brief—examples from standard sources. The religious style as exemplified in such superb writing as Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying' and Sir Philip Sidney's celebrated prayer (used by Charles I. on the scaffold) is not specially discussed; and this is the more strange from Prof. Hunt's affiliations and surroundings. Purists, too, will stand aghast at his use of such 'Americanisms' as 'transpire' for 'occur,' and 'caption' for 'heading'; while others will be offended at the numerous and inexplicable misspellings of well-known proper names. Thus, Goethe is spelt Gœthe throughout; while the spellings Ten Brinck, Beranger, Spenser, Patterson (Pattison), Morrison, Fenelon, Bissell (Birrell), and so on occur with wearisome frequency. (\$1. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

MR. WELLAND HENDRICK, a teacher of history, finding the need of a brief history of New York State, set about to supply the deficiency. The result of his labors in compilation, arrangement and condensation is a very satisfactory text-book. In a compact manual of eighteen chapters he outlines the story of the Empire State. The descriptive matter is well furnished with woodcuts, portraits and maps. In an appendix a number of well framed questions are given for each chapter, making the work doubly useful for the scholar and the teacher. There is also an index. The mechanical get-up is not equal to the pedagogical merits of the book; but as the price is low, perhaps we should not criticise the work in this respect. It is really quite refreshing to find the maker of a text-book of the history of New York going at the work properly, instead of hieing at once, as is usual with the compiler, to Washington Irving, and taking him seriously. Mr. Hendrick shows the sturdy qualities of the first settlers of New York, pays high tribute to the merits of the Hollanders, does justice to Leisler, emphasizes the story of liberty, gives due proportion of space to the events leading to the Revolutionary and later wars, and to the triumphs of peace. The last chapter treats of the era of centennial celebrations. (75 cts. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.)

THE AMERICAN EDITION of Mr. Edgar Sanderson's 'Epitome of the World's History,' of which Part I., 'Ancient and Medieval,' lies before us, differs somewhat from the original. 'Luxuriance of phrase' has been avoided, and an historical account of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland has been added. This volume is better than the average 'epitome,' and is especially to be commended for the chapters devoted to Grecian and Roman art and literature. The American editor is John Hardiman. (\$1.20. Boston School Supply Co.)—BOOKS TO WHICH it is impossible to make long reference are F. G. Selby's edition of Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution' (\$1, Macmillan & Co.), and a 'Tabular View of Universal History,' edited by the late George P. Putnam and brought down to date by Lynds E. Jones (\$1.75, G. P. Putnam's Sons). The first is intended for school use, and contains two hundred pages of notes; the latter is intended to be useful to everybody, and has the merits that most tabular views possess. With these may be mentioned a 'Constitutional History of France,' by Henry C. Lockwood (\$2.50, Rand McNally & Co.), which is a résumé of the changes in the French Constitution from the time of the Revolution to the present day. The most important part is the appendix, which contains the Constitutions from—and including—that of 1791 to that of 1875. Portraits of prominent Frenchmen adorn the volume.

'CHERUBINI,' by Frederick J. Crowest, is an exasperating volume. The author is an Englishman and is, therefore, far behind the times in musical feeling. His appreciation of Cherubini's genius belongs to Cherubini's day, not to ours. The operas of the old martinet of the Conservatoire are quite as dead as his one symphony, yet Mr. Crowest babbles through half his volume of their greatness. Conventionalism, inability to form an independent judgment and the omnivorous greed of a hack compiler who has to make a book are the salient characteristics of Mr. Crowest's work. Cherubini is worth writing about, and he is worth writing about with a fine discrimination. But what is to be expected of an author who displays a painful lack of the sense of proportion and a hopeless want of the ability to set forth the true value of Cherubini's life-work and its influence on music? (\$1. Scribner & Welford.)—IT IS QUITE possible that the 'Franklin Square Song Collection,' No. 7, arranged 'for schools and homes' by J. P. McCaskey, may please the inmates of some schools and some homes; but they must be schools and homes in which musical taste and culture are entirely lacking. Such a piece of philistinism is not often published, or all hope of raising the standard of musical taste in this country would be dispelled. The compiler has laid his inartistic hand upon all kinds of music, and disfigured it to suit his purpose. He has arranged as quartets such things as the Bach-Gounod 'Ave Maria,' Faure's 'Les Rameaux,' Verdi's 'La Mia Letizia' from 'I Lombardi,' Meyerbeer's 'Robert, Robert'; 'Deserto Sulla Terra,' from 'Il Traviatore' (with English words, 'Bird of the Greenwood'), the 'Power of Love,' from Balfe's 'Satanella'; and Rudolf's aria from 'La Sonnambula.' Of course when he arranges the Gounod 'Ave Maria' he omits the Bach prelude over which the French composer wrote it; and when he arranges 'Robert' he retains the English version of the words, which in one place reads thus: 'No, no, no, no, oh! deign, to hear! No, no, no, no! In my despair; ah, deign to hear, yes, in my despair.' And this is arranged as a quartet! (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

Magazine Notes

THE December (Christmas) *Review of Reviews* contains two hundred pages of letter-press and illustrations—double the usual number. The frontispiece is a portrait of the editor, Mr. W. T. Stead, seated at his desk in the sanctum of the *Review*. The photograph, we are told, is published 'in response to many appeals.' The chronicle of the Progress of the World is of exceptional importance, owing to the 'deep and tragic interest' of the events of November—the almost revolutionary overthrow of the Republican majority in the United States, the horrible revelations of the atrocities practised by Stanley's Rear Guard, the narrow escape of the great house of Baring from a world-shaking catastrophe, and the collapse of Mr. Parnell. The chief article is a copiously illustrated account of the Koch cure for consumption, the promulgation of which was the most striking event of the month. There is a special paper, also, on the Irish question, which has assumed a new phase since Mr. Gladstone declined to ally himself longer with Mr. Parnell. A record, with subscription-list to date, of the remarkable response to Gen. Booth's 'In Darkest England'; sixteen pages of reduced fac-similes of the most noteworthy caricatures that have appeared in 1890; and an illustrated account of the Russian painter Gay, an artistic disciple of Tolstoi—such are certain other features of this holiday number of the *Review*, which is unavoidably late in making its appearance. A four-page supplement will present the portraits of all the crowned heads of Europe. The edition is 200,000 copies. This rapid growth in popularity (the *Review* being not yet a full year old) is probably unparalleled in the history of periodical literature. Mr. Stead attributes its success chiefly to its regular monthly analysis and résumé of the contents of the current reviews and magazines.

President Timothy Dwight of Yale recounts in the January *Forum* the story of the 'Formative Influences' which have made him what he is, that is to say, 'a college teacher having the right, and to some extent exercising the function, of a Christian preacher.' He premises that he is telling a story, not giving advice. He was graduated from Yale before he was twenty-one. There was then no 'pening for a college-bred young man but one of the 'three professions,' and he chose the ministry. Of college influences he remembers with most distinctness those of the late President Woolsey and of the late Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor, who inspired him with an enthusiasm for Greek literature and the study of theology. His occupation as Professor of New Testament Greek he reckons among the most important of formative influences, as it has impelled him to look on all sides of a subject and to inquire honestly for the truth. 'Is Verse in Danger?' asks Edmund Gosse in the same magazine, his own answer being that 'We are passing through a period obviously unfavorable to the development of the art of poetry.' At the present time, he thinks, though men should sing with the voice of angels, the public would not listen. Not only that, but the public has found out that all that needs be said can be said in prose, and it is 'barbarian' enough to prefer great dead poets to little living ones. Formerly only the poets read the Elizabethans, and they could consequently do them over for their modern public; but now the public itself goes back to the sources, 'all of whom have forfeited their copyright.' How, then, is the modern poet to live? Mr. Gosse thinks, however, that the present antiquarian passion cannot last. Chaucer and Milton having passed into text-books are already lost. Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats will follow, and when all are annotated and reduced to food for babes, the day of the modern poet will begin. 'We may see another Sappho'; it is even conceivable that we may see another Homer; but the new poetry is more likely to deal with the refinements and subtleties of emotion with which prose does not cope. Other articles are on 'The Division of Africa,' by Prof. Emile de Laveleye; on 'The Revolution in Medicine' to be brought about by Dr. Koch's lymph, by Dr. Austin Flint; and on 'The Revolt against Matrimony,' by Eliza Lynn Linton.

Two newly discovered papers by De Quincey appear in *The New Review* for December. One is the missing 'Suspiria de Profundis,' or, rather, it would appear, a first draught of this essay. It is called 'The Dark Interpreter,' and deals with some of the uses of adversity in enriching and clearing the intellect. The other is a peculiarly De Quinceyan article on babies—'The Loveliest Sight for Women's Eyes.' In 'Folios and Footlights,' Mr. L. F. Austin makes an incoherent and apparently half-hearted attack on Mr. Brander Matthews, but agrees with him in rating French novelists, as a class, above their English brethren. Dr. Koch is the subject of a Study in Character. Sir George Chetwynd writes a 'Retrospect of the Racing Season,' and Dr. Norman Kerr discusses 'Ether Drinking.' Some, at least, of the readers of *The New Review* will not be sorry to see the little word *Finis* appended to the last instalment of 'The World's Desire,' in which Mr. Rider Hag-

gard and Mr. Andrew Lang have shown how much worse they can do together than either of them, in different ways, has ever done alone. It might have been supposed that the collaboration of a polished man-of-letters with a successful but almost illiterate weaver of romance would produce happier results.

The January number of *Far and Near* contains more articles by club members than either of the two preceding issues of this organ of the Working Girls' Societies. Miss Lucy A. Warner writes from a small club in the country a paper called 'Why do People Look Down on Working Girls?' in which she disposes of different answers to the question 'from a working girl's standpoint'; while Miss Mary J. Jones, of a New York Club, discusses the McKinley Bill with much keenness; and a Boston club member contributes a short poem called 'Old Year, Farewell!' The principal article in this month's issue is 'London Siftings: What English Workers Do,' by Miss De Graffenreid of the Labor Bureau at Washington; and the story entitled 'Past, Present, and Future' is by Miss Louise Clare Hoppin. The third in the series of Biographical Sketches gives the story of Sarah Martin, an English dressmaker who accomplished many reforms in the condition of prisoners in the early part of this century; and the third chapter of 'Housekeeping for Two' contains further experiences of two Boston girls, related in the form of a story by Miss Anna Barrows. Two poems in this number are written by Elsie Chapin, a little girl of nine years, who shows much imagination and facility of expression; and the various departments, editorial and otherwise, are continued as usual. 'Here a Little and There a Little' contains a little chat about celebrities, and in 'Thoughts from Club Members' the advisability of adopting a badge is discussed with radical differences of opinion. 'The World's Events,' 'Household Corner,' 'Fashion Department,' and 'Books Old and New,' appear as usual, while the large space given up to 'Club Notes' from every part of the country shows how highly this department is valued.

The Pallid Wreath

SOMEHOW I cannot let it go yet, funeral though it is,
Let it remain back there on its nail suspended,
With pink, blue, yellow, all blanch'd, and the white now gray
and ashy,
One wither'd rose put years ago for thee, dear friend,
But I do not forget thee. Hast thou then faded?
Is the odor exhaled? Are the colors, vitalities, dead?
No, while memories subtly play—the past vivid as ever;
For but last night I woke, and in that spectral ring saw thee,
Thy smile, eyes, face, calm, silent, loving as ever:
So let the wreath hang still awhile within my eye-reach,
It is not yet dead to me, nor even pallid.

CAMDEN, January 4, 1891.

WALT WHITMAN.

The Lounger

I CALLED ATTENTION, a fortnight since, to the occurrence of the peculiar name Spurlock in three stories published in the December magazines. The Spurlock of George A. Hibbard's 'As the Sparks Fly Upward,' in *Scribner's Magazine*, is a man; James Lane Allen's Spurlock, in 'Flute and Violin,' in *Harper's Monthly*, is a woman—a widow; Joel Chandler Harris's, again, in 'A Conscript's Christmas,' in *The Century*, is a representative of the sterner sex. This coincidence seemed to me striking enough to be investigated, and the result of my inquiries is herewith laid before the interested reader. Mr. Allen writes to me from Lexington, Ky.:—'I found the name Spurlock in a Lexington newspaper of some fifty or seventy-five years ago. If you wish anything more definite than the foregoing, I can no doubt lay my hand on the very paper containing an advertisement signed "Jesse Spurlock." Mr. Hibbard writes from Buffalo:—'I came upon the name in a law book. The case of Spurlock vs. Union Bank is reported in 4 Humphrey, 336.' And from Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Harris writes as follows:—

Your inquiry is interesting. A few days ago the *Atlanta Constitution* had an editorial article headed 'The Spurlock Boom' which may throw some light on the matter. In that article attention was called to the fact that Mr. Maurice Thompson recently had an essay in *The Century* on the inventor of the banjo. It will be remembered that this inventor was a Georgia negro, and that he died in his mountain home, not far from a moonshine still, and was buried there. His grave, marked by a large boulder, has become, according to Mr. Thompson, the shrine of many American writers, who have taken the trouble to chisel their names on his granite tomb. May it not be true, *The Constitution* goes

on to ask, that Allen, Hibbard and Harris met last summer at this shrine, that while there they enjoyed the unconventional hospitality of Uncle Hiram Spurlock, who owns the land, and that each went away resolved to embalm the Spurlock name in a piece of fiction as a sort of tribute to uncle Hiram? The author of that editorial refuses to be interviewed, and I must leave the witness with you; but just ask Allen and Hibbard if they remember the conversation they had as they sat one Friday afternoon in the shade of the chestnut tree in Uncle Hiram's front yard.

THE STRAND is the title of a monthly magazine just started in England. It is illustrated in a hap-hazard sort of way, and its table-of-contents seems to be made up without any special method; at the same time it has a lively appearance, which is more than can be said of English magazines as a rule. The editor is a clever man, as he shows by what he has omitted rather than by what he has printed. He gives a group of portraits of certain celebrated people at various ages. There is one of Rider Haggard at three, at seven, at nineteen and at thirty-four, and one of Henry Irving as an ordinary-looking young man of twenty-nine, with a mustache; another of the famous actor at thirty, another at thirty-nine, and still another at forty-two, or as he is now. Then we have Miss Ellen Terry at the age of eight, at the age of eighteen, and at the 'present day.' Could anything be more delicate than the avoidance of figures in this case?

AMERICA is credited with many labor-saving devices, but there are some of English origin that throw our best into the shade. One of these—for the benefit of authors—is described in an English contemporary. There are persons, it says, 'gifted with no faculty of writing, who for a small sum are prepared to contrive you all the involutions and evolutions of a story, with a full complement of heroes, villains, lovers, heavy fathers, scheming mothers, and all the rest of it.'

THE FORTHCOMING number of *The Magazine of Art* gives the first paper in a series on the portraits of John Ruskin. The first represents the distinguished critic at the tender age of three and a half, dressed in a pretty white gown, with his chubby arms and neck bared to the breeze. The second shows him at five, naked and not ashamed, sitting out-of-doors, a satyr crouched before him tickling the sole of his foot with a straw. We do not see him again until he reaches the age of twenty-two. This picture is from a painting by George Richmond, and is engraved for the first time. The face is charming, and I can see traces of the latter-day critic in it, but the size is not Ruskin's. If this young man should stand up, he would measure all of six feet, while Mr. Ruskin is very little over five. As the pictures advance in age, the expression of peevishness increases, but there are no traces of it in the face of the young man, which is remarkably handsome and wears an agreeably thoughtful expression.

THERE HAS just come from the press of Johns Hopkins University a work on 'The Intercourse Between the United States and Japan,' which a despatch from Philadelphia to the New York papers leads me to intercept in its course to the reviewer. The author is Inazo Nitobe (formerly Ota), an A.B. of Johns Hopkins, Ph.D. of Halle, and Associate Professor at Sapporo, Japan. A well-written introduction states that the author undertook the preparation of this monograph while studying under Prof. Herbert B. Adams. These prefatory lines are dated 'Egerton, Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa., 10th month 17, 1890'; and they contain a word of thanks, for 'assistance rendered me in making emendations, and in the correction of proof-sheets,' to 'my friend Mary P. Elkinton.' The newspaper article which directed my attention to the book was an account of the marriage of the author, on New Year's morning, at the Fourth and Arch Streets Meeting-House, Philadelphia, to 'Miss Mary Elkinton, the accomplished daughter of Joseph S. Elkinton, a prominent member of the Society of Friends.' The author's relations with Miss Elkinton are responsible for the phrase '10th month 17, 1890,' in the preface to his book; for it was mainly to win her hand, it is said, that he became a Quaker. As it is, the young lady 'married in meeting'—the proper thing for all good Friends to do—and will sail for Yokohama on Jan. 17. Between '10th month 17, 1890,' and '1st month 17, 1891,' Mr. Nitobe has acquired the material for a new chapter in his work on 'The Intercourse Between the United States and Japan.'

APROPOS of the suggestion by R. D. McG. of Montreal of a New Year's resolution to return forthwith all borrowed books in one's possession, there comes to me from J. S. of Indianapolis a yellow slip labelled thus:—'Book-mark: Borrowed Book. "Alas! masters, for it was borrowed."' This legend is printed across the

end, in such a way as to be easily read when the mark is in place. Lengthwise of the slip runs the following memorandum:—This book belongs to —, 72 West — Street, Indianapolis, and was Borrowed from him —, 189—. To be returned promptly when read. A stub attached to the other end has a blank after the word 'Title,' another after the words 'When lent,' and a third after the mnemonic (and nemesis) legend 'To whom lent.' A perforated line enables the owner of the book easily to detach this stub; and the mark itself is a constant thorn in the side of the conscientious borrower. But borrowers, as a rule, are not conscientious, and it would take more than such a book-mark to prick their toughened sensibilities.

THE FAME—if not the name—of Prof. Drummond's enormously popular sermon, 'The Greatest Thing in the World,' has reached the Great West; for G. H. relates to his friends in the East that during a visit to Kansas City he heard a lady out shopping order a copy of the book. She was rummaging among a lot of books on the counter of a bookstore, but didn't seem to find what she wanted. At last a salesman, who had been otherwise engaged when she entered, stepped up to her, and with that politeness which is characteristic of Missouri booksellers, asked her what she wished. 'I am looking,' said the lady, 'for a copy of Prof. Drummond's "Greatest Thing on Earth"!'!

THERE REACHED ME on Monday, Jan. 5, from Delhi, India, the following postal-card, dated Nov. 27:—'Imagine the surprise and pride of your old friend "Carleton, Publisher," when he came across, in the dirty hotel reading-room here, an old, dilapidated copy of *The Critic*, left here, I suppose, by some American traveller—here, away up, miles and miles, in the jungles of interior India; surrounded by magnificent half-ruined palaces, temples and tombs, splendid barbaric mosques, wild monkeys and venomous snakes, blazing diamond and emerald shops, turbaned Mahometans and naked Hindoos, live jackals and dead Moguls, ancient cities and modern rats, cockroaches, lizards, elephants, wasps and—a delicious warm soft climate! We are spending a month in wonderful India; and then sail for Ceylon, Hong Kong and Japan—not as rapidly, but in a more *dolce far niente* way than Nellie Bly went.'

Boston Letter

THE PAPYRUS CLUB had its annual meeting on Saturday, when the retiring President, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, was succeeded by Mr. Arthur Macy, the former Secretary of the Club, whose bright reports of its proceedings have been a charming feature of the monthly dinners. Mr. Macy, whose good things are familiar to readers of *Life*, is manager of one of our great commercial agencies, where the rating of authors being neglected, he naturally seeks other means of fellowship with them. Among the other newly elected officers of the Club is R. E. Neil Dodge, the Secretary, who, as grandson of the first President, and son of a later President, was elected a member by acclamation at a recent meeting. He is now pursuing his post-graduate studies at Cambridge (having been, as a Senior, editor of *The Harvard Monthly*) and intends to devote his life to literary pursuits. Other new officers of the Club are William B. Clarke, the bookseller, who is on the Executive Committee; Col. Theodore A. Dodge, the military historian; Frederic E. Wright, the painter; and John T. Wheelwright, who are on the Membership Committee.

There is a vitality to the Papyrus which is seldom found in a literary club which is without a house of its own, and depends on a hotel for its material repast. It has been a power in the development of our younger literary men. Whipple was one of its early members, as was also Mr. Howells, who has described one of its meetings in 'A Modern Instance.' John Fiske, Arlo Bates, and Barrett Wendell joined the Club later, while John Boyle O'Reilly, George Makepeace Towle and William A. Hovey were among its founders. The late Henry Bernard Carpenter was one of the lights of the Papyrus, which has on its roll of Presidents the names of N. S. Dodge, Francis H. Underwood, Messrs. Towle and O'Reilly, Robert Grant, John T. Wheelwright, T. Russell Sullivan, and Col. Theo. A. Dodge. The dinners of the Club are noted for the bright poems and essays which are read there before they find their way into current literature.

James Parton has a special talent for biography, his industry in gathering materials is proverbial, and his judgment in selecting those which illustrate his subject is excellent. He possesses a pictorial skill which sets off his powers of characterization, and his books are generally instructive as well as entertaining. In his 'Captains of Industry,' second series, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on Jan. 21, he gives sketches of fifty persons who

have distinguished themselves in the world of thought or action, and his designation of their line of work is apt to have a certain freshness and piquancy. Thus two collaborating novelists are set down as Emile Erckmann, Lawyer, and Pierre Chatrian, Railway Cashier. Gov. Edward Winslow is characterized as the Business Man of the Pilgrim Fathers; Sir William Phips is styled Mariner. Then we have Count Rumford, City Ruler; Joel Barlow, Merchant; George Guess, Jack-of-all-Trades; Ezra Cornell, Mechanic; Andrew Jackson, Farmer; James Lenox, Book Collector; Elizabeth Fry, Wife and Mother; George B. Emerson, Boston Schoolmaster. Among other names are David Rittenhouse, Clock-maker; Nathaniel Bowditch, Mariner; Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, Instrument-Maker; George Peabody, Banker; Gen. Seth Pomeroy, Gun-Maker; Alvan Clark, Telescope-Maker; and James Nasmyth, Inventor.

Books forecasting the future have a special interest when the writers deal with subjects that come within the range of their special knowledge and experience and are professedly serious in character. This interest, of course, is unlike that which attaches to a romance, but is in its way not less attractive. A book of this sort, which will be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. on the 21st, is 'The Crystal Button,' by Charles Thomas, a carriage-maker, who indicates the probable achievements of the next hundred years in the line of mechanical inventions and improvements. The work is one of much interest from its ingenious and practical suggestiveness.

The part that West Point has played in our military history, and its invaluable services as the school of the great Captains of the Civil War, gives peculiar interest and value to Gen. Cullum's volume, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish under this title. It contains a biographical register of graduates and teachers, the sketches of whose lives, though brief, will be found useful for reference, and as showing the extent of the service which the institution has rendered to the country.

Other books which the same house will publish on the same date, being postponed from dates previously announced, are 'The Biglow Papers,' Murray's 'Francis Wayland,' and S. Weir Mitchell's 'Psalm of Death, and Other Poems.' In the Riverside Paper Series there will be issued this week 'Young Maids and Old,' a novel by Mrs. Burnham—a Chicago lady who has written a number of interesting stories, one of the best known being 'The Mistress of Beech-Knoll.'

I have seen a slip from a newspaper in an ambitious Western city in which Dr. Holmes's 'Over the Teacups' is dealt with in such an ill-natured manner as to give the impression that the genial octogenarian's milk of human kindness had soured on the would-be critic's literary stomach. His diatribe is a good advertisement for our brilliant humorist, whom he dismisses with the remark that 'The Atlantic's literary jack-in-the-box is broken.' But when he says that Dr. Holmes has lost interest for the public, it seems only just to state that 'Over the Teacups' is his most successful book, and that for some days before Christmas it sold at the rate of a thousand copies a day.

There is an interesting collection of paintings, mostly by Boston artists, in the St. Botolph Club gallery, one which is hung in black having a pathetic interest as the last work of Dennis M. Bunker. Among the landscapists are Theodore Wendel, Enneking, Major, Waterman, Elwell, and J. Foxcroft Cole, and there are figure pieces by H. O. Walker and Caliga. Portraiture is represented by John S. Sargent, Adelaide Cole, daughter of J. F. Cole, Phoebe Jenks, and Lilla Cabot Perry, wife of Thomas Sergeant Perry, and author of the inspiring poem 'A Plea for Trust' in the January *Atlantic*, who contributes an excellent likeness of her husband.

BOSTON, Jan. 5, 1891.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Alexander William Kinglake

MR. KINGLAKE, whose death was announced on Jan. 2, was the oldest son of William Kinglake, of Wilton House, Taunton, and Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Woodforde. His birth is believed to have occurred in 1811. He was educated at Taunton, Ottery St. Mary, and at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1832. Having studied law at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the bar in 1837, and acquired an extensive Chancery practice, from which he retired in 1856. Soon after he was called to the bar he made a trip to the East, and on his return, in 1844, being unable to find a publisher for 'Eothen,' agreed with Mr. Olivier of Pall Mall to guarantee him against loss if he would bring out the book. Ten years later he accompanied the British Army when it landed on the coast of the Crimea, and was present with Lord Raglan at the battle of the Alma, and the seizure of Balaklava. After the first bombardment of Sebastopol he was obliged to return home, having been attacked with fever.

His 'Invasion of the Crimea' began to appear in 1863, but the last two volumes—the seventh and eighth—were not published till 1888.

At the present day men know Mr. Kinglake as the historian of the Crimean War. Posterity will, perhaps, remember him only as the author of 'Eothen.' 'The Invasion of the Crimea; its Origin, and an Account of its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan'—a work in many volumes that has been twenty-five years in publishing—has been declared by an English critic to be 'one of the most animated pictures of mingled disaster and triumph, with their accompaniments of strong national feeling and momentous personal vicissitude, which literature has ever produced.' Such praise seems exaggerated to the impartial criticism of 1891. It is true that the Crimean War broke up forever the conservative tacit alliance of European powers which had come into being with the anti-republican reaction of the early part of the century, and that by deposing Russia from the hegemony of Europe it made possible the reorganization along national lines of Italy and Germany. But the Crimean War was not one of the critical wars of the world. It did not mark a great popular uprising, it did not stand for any great national or political ideal. Its history, therefore, cannot be of enduring interest. Kinglake, moreover, belonged rather to the old than to the new school of historians. 'The glass was too near to his own eyes, and his own breath dimmed it': he did not see even the facts before him in any scientific, cosmical perspective. He described the *coup d'état* of Napoleon in 150 pages, as though that were a proximate cause of the war. He attempted to make a great general out of his friend Lord Raglan, and in so doing wrote journalism rather than history. The book is not even a complete history of the war, but only of a part of it. For all these reasons it may be believed that even Kinglake's charm of style, his picturesque descriptions, his vivid sketches of the charge of the Light Brigade and of the Battle of Inkermann will not long preserve his fame as a great historian. In 'Eothen,' however, he left a monument that will not soon be forgotten. Written in 1844, it was a revelation of the 'splendor and havoc of the East,' so true and delicate are its notes of life and manners among the unchanging Turks and Bedouins. It transports one in a moment as on a magic carpet of 'The Arabian Nights' across the borderland of 'the Plague and the Dread of the Plague' that divides Europe from Asia, to where 'the foot falls noiseless on the crumbling soil of an Eastern city'; to the land of ceaseless travelling; to where, 'as a man falls flat, face forward, on the brook, that he may drink and drink again, Damascus, thirsty forever, lies down with her lips to the stream, and clings to its rushing waters.'

Octave Feuillet

WITH his latest novels and plays fresh in the memory, it is difficult to think of the late Octave Feuillet as an apostle of social purity and decorum; and yet it is a fact that he first attracted attention as an opponent and critic of the loose moral themes of Musset and his school, and was laughed at as 'le Musset des familles.' At his best his value as a moral teacher was not of a very positive kind. Although he was apt to uphold and commend virtue in conventional fashion, his vice was by no means a monster of such hideous mien as would inspire instant repulsion and hatred. He was before everything else a romancer, and in his romance there was always a strong theatrical, if not a dramatic, element.

It would have been a great pity if his father had succeeded in condemning him to the dreary and secluded life of a village lawyer. His genius and instincts led him at once to the theatre, and the earliest days of his manhood were passed in the shadow of the Paris Odéon. His working hours were spent in listening to plays before the footlights or in talking to actors and actresses behind them. All through his career he may be said to have regarded the actual affairs of the world with the eyes of a stage-manager. Situation, action, passion, contrast, were the characteristics which he was most eager to secure for his stories. From the first, even in the essays, tales, proverbs and comedies which he published under a feigned name, his style was charming—polished, witty, incisive, vivacious and picturesque. It was his 'Romance of a Poor Young Man,' known in various dramatic forms all over the civilized world, that first won him fame and a seat in the Academy. A more interesting or more cleverly told romance could scarcely be desired, although it possesses few of the solid qualities which mark the masterpieces of fiction. It was his election to the Academy, possibly, that spurred him on to the display of his full strength in 'M. de Camors.' This novel, while displaying all the elegances and graces of his previous works, thrills with a sterner and a truer passion, and with impulses and instincts essentially human. It exhibits the dramatic vigor already used, with so much effect, in

'La Village.' The purpose of it is to show how hideous a moral nature may be concealed beneath the gilding of social graces and accomplishments. The hero is the son of an aristocratic cynic, who, wearying of existence, kills himself, after writing a letter in which he insists upon the doctrine that true happiness can only be attained by perfect selfishness. The young man acts consistently upon this principle, sparing neither man nor woman, and dies hopelessly after a period of brilliant but empty prosperity. The study is masterly, but there is a touch of theatrical treatment in it which prevents the moral from being very profound. This book, however, and 'Julie de Trecour' are the chief foundations of his fame.

In 'Le Journal d'une Femme,' a story of self-sacrifice and mistaken love, the moral tone is higher and the sentiment more touching, while the mental analysis is equally acute. 'Les Amours de Philippe' is akin to the 'Romance of a Poor Young Man.' It may be worth while to note that the actress in it, Mary Gerald, has been identified with Sarah Bernhardt. 'L'Histoire d'une Parisienne' is a rapid, brilliant, flippant and sensational sketch, as might be inferred from the title; but in 'La Morte,' the latest of his novels, there is much of the power of his prime. Of his plays the most successful here besides the 'Romance' have been 'La Tentation' ('L'ed Astray'), 'Montjoye,' in which Charles Coghlan acted with wonderful skill; and 'The Sphinx,' all of which may be permitted to remain in oblivion without loss to mankind.

Dr. Schliemann

THE FUNERAL of Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, which took place at Athens last Sunday, was attended by the King, the Duke of Sparta, Premier Delyannis, M. Tricoupis, M. Dragounis, and most of the Cabinet Ministers, besides many scientific men. There were also present the American and German Ministers and the Greek political leaders Kavradias and Rangabe. At a meeting held in the house of Prof. Charles Waldstein, Director of the American School of Classical Studies, speeches eulogistic of the deceased discoverer were made.

The career of Dr. Schliemann reads more like a romance than like biography. Born in 1822, in Mecklenburg, the son of a Lutheran minister, he enjoyed only meagre educational advantages, and at the age of fourteen was obliged to take the position of a drudge in a small grocery store. Here for five and a half years he toiled, from five in the morning till eleven at night, with never a moment for study. Having overstrained himself in lifting, he lost his place. In despair he went to Hamburg and shipped, as cabin-boy, for a South American port. The vessel was wrecked off an island near the Dutch coast, and young Schliemann found his way to Amsterdam, where the few coins given him when he was rescued were soon spent. To avoid starvation he feigned illness, and was taken to a hospital. A friend at Hamburg, hearing of his straits, put him in the way of getting a position in Amsterdam as errand-boy, with a salary of \$160 a year. Using every available moment for self-improvement, in an incredibly short time he mastered the English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese languages. He now obtained a better position and commenced the study of Russian, in which he was soon able to converse fluently.

After five years of work and study in Amsterdam, in 1846 Schliemann was sent to St. Petersburg as agent for a mercantile house, where a year later he went into business on his own account. In ten years he had amassed a considerable property, and meanwhile learned the Swedish and Polish languages. In early childhood his imagination had been fired by the tales of Greek heroes, told him by his father. Now that he could withdraw somewhat from business cares he gave himself to the study of Greek, first the modern language, then the ancient, and read Homer especially again and again, as he tells us, 'with the most lively enthusiasm.' The ten years from 1856 to 1866 he spent largely in travel and study, remaining most of the time from 1862 to 1866 in the United States, where he made fortunate investments and became naturalized as a citizen. He now settled at Paris, and soon published his first book, on Japan and China, which he had visited in the course of his travels.

At this time the destructive criticism of Homeric antiquity had reached its height. Not only had the poet himself been relegated to the limbo of unrealities, but even the 'tale of Troy divine' had been deprived of all historic setting, and was considered by many scholars as merely a form of the sun-myth. In the face of all this, with a courage that amounted to heroism, Schliemann set out at his own expense to test the truth of the Homeric narrative by excavations. The story of his marvellous successes, as he examined one site after another, are well known. In 1868 he probed the site near Bounarbashi, which had been thought by some to mark the location of Troy. Finding here no indications of the

existence of a large town, he proceeded to Hissarlik, where he speedily uncovered the remains of five or six different cities, one built above the ruins of the other. Of these cities the second from the bottom corresponded remarkably, in point of both topographical and archaeological evidence, with the Troy described in the 'Iliad.' The results, published first in papers, then in a large volume, excited at first amazement and incredulity; then profound admiration of the man, and careful consideration of the facts he had brought to light.

Encouraged by his success at Troja in 1876, Schliemann excavated at Mycenæ, where he discovered the five tombs that had been pointed out to Pausanias as those of Agamemnon and his companions. These contained objects of the greatest archaeological importance. The weight of the gold articles alone amounted to about a hundred pounds. Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Orchomenos in 1881-2, at Tiryns in 1884-5, and at other places, were rewarded by important discoveries. At different times he returned to the plain of Troy, in which before his death he had examined every site. The results of his various discoveries have been given to the world in finely-illustrated volumes. The objects found in Greece were deposited in the Museum at Athens; those discovered at Troy were placed in a museum at Berlin. In his work as an excavator he was greatly assisted by his second wife, an accomplished Greek. Since 1871 he had made his home at Athens.

The great value of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries is now everywhere acknowledged. He was not himself an archaeologist of the first rank. He lacked the preliminary training which alone can fit a man to become a scientific investigator in archaeology. Not all of his conclusions regarding his discoveries will bear the test of crucial examination. But this admitted, the value of his contributions to the subject is none the less apparent. He brought to the work of excavation an unbounded enthusiasm for Homer, which inspired him, in the face of ridicule, to attempt things previously unattempted. He had a firm belief in the historic foundation of the Homeric poems, which sustained his courage in the midst of difficulties that would have driven from the task a less dauntless spirit. He possessed business abilities of a high order, and a considerable experience in handling large enterprises, which gave to his works the energy and system so essential to success. Finally, he had secured a fortune, which he expended without stint in the prosecution of his designs. To speak briefly, Dr. Schliemann's discoveries have revolutionized the views of scholars regarding the Homeric question. They have shifted the field of discussion from mythology to archaeology. But more than that, they have provided archaeologists with data of incalculable value for investigating the whole problem of the prehistoric Greek world and its relations with the early civilization of western Asia and Egypt. In this field he enriched the world's knowledge more than any other man.

"Ganelon"

IT WOULD be useless to attempt to disguise the fact that the production of Mr. William Young's new play 'Ganelon' in the Broadway Theatre resulted in something like disappointment. So much had been said about the piece beforehand, and so high is the reputation of Mr. Lawrence Barrett as a judge in matters of this kind, that this presentation of a new romantic play in blank verse was awaited with keen interest. It may be conceded that the work is an ambitious effort in the right direction, and exhibits a degree of ability, imagination and originality which entitles it to respectful consideration. It is, on the whole, better as literature than as drama, but considered in either light it must be pronounced of very uneven quality. The hero, Ganelon, son of a traitorous father, has sought service with Colonna, Count of Corsica, in the hope of atoning for his father's disgrace by his own valor and virtue. He is in love with Colonna's daughter, Bianca, and his passion is returned; but his suit has secured him the enmity of old Savelli, a leader of the Court, and his son Pinascho, to whom the hand of Bianca has been promised. Colonna, however, promises to bestow Bianca upon Ganelon, if the latter succeeds in dispersing the Saracen army at his gates. This condition is fulfilled, but Colonna breaks his pledge and accuses the victor of presumption and treachery. Ganelon is attacked by Pinascho and others and forced to leap from the city walls to save his life. Being captured by the Saracens, and forgetting loyalty in his thirst for vengeance, he consents to lead them against the Corsicans, and easily carries the city by assault. Bianca, however, bitterly reproaches him for his treachery, and, maddened by her scorn, he slays the Saracen chief, rallies the Corsicans and once again rescues the city from the infidels. In the battle he receives a death-wound, and dies in the moment of victory.

This is a stirring story, but Mr. Young has not been very successful in telling it. The amount of dialogue is out of proportion

to the action, and the construction is loose and often confusing. The interest does not fairly begin until the end of the second act, with the triumphant return of Ganelon, but is thereafter maintained tolerably well. The best scenes, in both a literary and dramatic sense, occur in the third act, where the Saracen Malec seizes supreme authority and then seduces the captive Ganelon from his allegiance. Mr. Barrett as the hero acts with his wonted fire, earnestness and intelligence, but physically is unequal to the requirements of a part essentially youthful and heroic. He aroused the audience by a fine outburst of rage and scorn at the end of the second act, and interpreted the various emotions in the temptation scene with most dramatic and varied emphasis. His death-scene too, was striking, and in his acting generally he revealed no loss of power. The supporting cast is very poor, but the mounting of the piece is splendid. The picture of the Saracen camp, in which living and painted figures are skilfully blended together, is one of the most striking sets seen here for a long time. The costumes are all handsome, and sufficiently accurate, and nothing has been left undone to secure a brilliant spectacle.

There are several fine passages in Mr. Young's verse, notably in the third act; but his use of archaic forms is most unwise, and occasionally even ridiculous. He errs, too, in more places than one in violence of expression, and his lines are apt to limp a little now and then. He escapes failure, however, and that fact ought to be enough to encourage him to fresh efforts.

Lyric and Sonnet

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

As the review of my 'Representative Sonnets' in the current *Critic* is of unusual interest to me, I will break the reticence which is generally expected in an author under such circumstances and note what appear to me to be misapprehensions on the part of the reviewer regarding the work. But first let me thank you cordially for the prominence given to my work, together with Mr. Higginson's, as well as for the pleasant things you say of it.

In regard to the expression 'fantastic conceits,' I do not use it as applying to 'our lyrists,' as your reviewer would imply, and by which he would anticipate a 'sonnet-lyric controversy.' The quotation he cites from my essay proves this, as I speak of 'fantastic conceits which have long ago foundered.' I had in mind the extravaganzas such as Herbert's writing poems in the form of wings, and, in general, obsolete stanzas by forgotten poets, even the 'tailed' and 'comic' styles of the sonnet itself.

When I allude to the wonderful durability of the sonnet stanza, as a stanza, I merely allude to a well-known fact. And when your reviewer, in remonstrance, speaks of the art and the thought as necessary to durability in any stanza, he almost exactly quotes my own words at the top of page 49 of my book. Again, I contend that there can be no 'sonnet-lyric controversy,' for the reason that a sonnet, well-written, *is a lyric*; although, I am glad to add, there are many beautiful lyrics which are not sonnets. If a lyric means a song-like poem, 'fitted to be sung to a lyre,' what stanza can better be called a lyric, in abstract, than the stanza which Petrarch and his fellow Italian poets fitted and sung to their stringed instruments? Have not sonnets as good a right to be called 'Lyrics for a Lute' as the graceful poems of one of 'our lyrists'?

Finally, I agree with you that a better anthology of sonnets could be made. It would be an easy task now for Col. Higginson or myself to improve on our respective collections. As to 'commonplace' sonnets appearing in my book, that, I imagine, was to be expected in so large a collection. But what two persons will agree as to just which ones are commonplace and which are not?

C. H. CRANDALL.

SPRINGDALE, CONN., Dec. 31, 1890.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

FOR some reason or other, water-colors always come to the front after the holidays. At Schaus's gallery they form the most attractive part of the exhibit at present. Lambert's kitten contemplating a cabbage-leaf, Chas. F. Shuck's snow-scene on the New Jersey salt meadows, and Madeleine Lemaire's lady in black, with a white spaniel, standing in front of a clump of hollyhocks, are among the prettiest. Water-colors and pastels share the Wunderlich gallery between them. Mr. Hitchcock's pastels are still on exhibition there, and there are interesting water-colors by Anton Mauve, E. R. Grant and others. An exhibition of the works of the Scotch etcher, Strang, will be held next month. At Keppel's there are many new water-colors, for the most part by American artists. Worthy of especial notice are J. Alden Weir's dogs asleep before a kitchen fire, R. J. Wickenden's sketches from the island of Jersey, and a 'Scotch Glen' by J. Frazer.

—To Mr. Henry G. Marquand, the banker, President of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Chairman of the Washington Memorial Arch Committee, and Chairman in 1889 of the Washington Centennial Art Exhibition in this city, has been offered the position of Art Director of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. It is to be hoped that he will accept it. A Board of Architects has just been selected, which consists of Adler & Sullivan who designed the Chicago Auditorium, Burling & Whitehouse, Henry Ives Cobb, W. L. B. Jenney, and Solon S. Beman, all of Chicago; President Hunt of the American Architectural League, McKim, Mead & White, and Allen & Co., all of New York; Peabody & Stearns, of Boston; and Van Brun & Co., of Kansas City.

—It is understood that the Treasury will appeal to the District Court of the United States from the decision of the Board of General Appraisers at Baltimore, that Mr. Robert Garrett's recently imported Rubens is non-dutiable.

—*L'Art dans les Deux Mondes*, launched at Paris on Nov 22 under the editorship of MM. Yveling Rambaud and Camille de Roddaz, has among its contributors Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola, Edmond de Goncourt and Paul Mantz. In the first number of the new weekly L. de Fourcaud defends Americans against the charge of barbarism and ignorance of the fine arts; and the first sketch is a dry point by Miss Mary Cassatt, a native of Pittsburgh and graduate of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

—Charles Keene, one of *Punch's* cleverest caricaturists, died last Sunday after a three years' illness.

—At Knoedler's, among the new oil-paintings will be remarked Lerolle's pretty 'Gleaner' under a harvest moon; E. L. Weeks's 'A Political Discussion at Agra,' a group of picturesquely muffled figures in front of an elaborately carved and painted Indian house; R. W. Van Boskerck's 'Mountain road,' with an old barn on one side and a huge sandstone boulder on the other; and Cazin's 'Moonlight' in a narrow lane at the back of a row of cottages.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE FOLLOWING appeal has just gone out:—

'On behalf of the Committee for the erection of the Washington Memorial Arch, we make known to you the present condition of the enterprise and appeal to your public spirit to enable the Committee to complete its work. About \$86,000 have been subscribed. The foundations and base have been laid and paid for, also all expenses to date, leaving cash on hand about \$73,000. Work upon the superstructure of the arch was begun Dec. 22, 1890, and is being actively prosecuted. The revised estimates call for a future expenditure of about \$103,000, which amount will complete the arch, except the three monumental groups and flanking columns. These will add to the beauty of the structure, but are not essential to the design. The arch will be beautiful without them. \$30,000 therefore are needed and must be raised during the next six months, or work will be seriously delayed for want of funds. This would be a public misfortune. Will you aid in reducing this deficit? Subscriptions made will not be called for until May 1st.'

The address of the Treasurer, Mr. William R. Stewart, is 54 William Street.

International Copyright

APPARENTLY with a view to blocking the passage of the present bill before the Senate, which has already passed the House, Senator Teller has introduced, 'by request,' a bill providing for the reprinting of foreign books by any number of American publishers, provided they pay royalties to the authors on the sales of the books so issued. Of this plan, Mr. Wm. H. Appleton said in 1872:—

The first demand of property is for security, . . . and to publish a book in any real sense—that is, not merely to print it, but to make it well and widely known—requires much effort and larger expenditure, and these will not be invested in a property which is liable to be destroyed at any moment. Legal protection would put an end to evil practices, make property secure, business more legitimate, and give a new vigor to enterprise; nor can a policy which is unjust to the author, and works viciously in the book-trade, be the best for the public. The publisher can neither afford to make the book so thoroughly known, nor can he put it at so low a price as if he could count upon a permanent and undisturbed control of its sales. Many valuable books are not reprinted at all, and therefore are to be had only at English prices, for the same reason that publishers are cautious about risking their capital in unprotected property.

'The arguments in favor of this plan . . . would apply with equal reasonableness,' it has been well said, 'to the legalizing of open reprinting of domestic books, and to the depriving of American, as well as foreign, writers of their rights of contract, and of the control of the property interests in their productions. Such a

system would make of home copyright, and of any copyright, a farce and an absurdity.'

Prof. Max Müller has just published, in London, a letter in which he opposes a suggested bill precluding foreign authors from the benefits of the English copyright laws unless their books are printed on English soil. He says that it is uncertain, even now, that the American Copyright Bill will pass, and that we should do nothing to hinder it. He doubts whether Americans would like even to be complimented for performing an act they found to be just and right. He anticipates nothing but good from the American bill, and claims that it will provide a larger market, and thereby reduce the price of books both here and in America. That, he adds, will be the greatest gain, as the extra cost of the double printing will be a small matter compared with the advantages secured. He says it is impossible to gauge accurately the effect of the bill. But one effect is certain:—'Like maritime piracy (the honorable occupation of the age of the Vikings), literary piracy, being no longer considered honorable, will die out, and very soon its few surviving desperadoes will find it unprofitable.'

Miss Alcott's Birthplace

[Germantown Telegraph]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:—

Some weeks since I observed a query in the *Telegraph* as to the location of the house in Germantown in which Miss Alcott, the authoress, daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, was born. As no one has answered it, I take the liberty of offering the subjoined reply:—

Louisa May Alcott, authoress of 'Little Women,' and other stories, was born Nov. 29, 1832, in a house somewhat retired from the main street, and known as 'The Pinery,' or 'Pine Place,' owing to its being surrounded by pine trees, and situated where the Post Office now stands, a few doors northwest of St. Luke's Church. Here her father taught school, composed of children of tender age. Mr. Alcott had original notions on the subject of education, and part of his system was to fortify his pupils against all surprises and to prepare them for all emergencies. One of his means of achieving this end was to walk stealthily behind them, when absorbed in study, and, without warning, suddenly kick the chair from under them. Whether this heroic practice answered the end desired or not I am unable to say, but I am able to say that it was far too advanced a method for the latitude of Germantown, where but one house had been built in forty years, and the risk of breaking the children's heads too great to commend it to their parents. So, after experimenting for a year or two, Mr. A., in despair, shook the dust of the stagnant old town from his feet, and didn't draw rein until he had reached Boston, in whose intellectual atmosphere his 'advanced thought' probably met with greater sympathy.

GERMANTOWN, 12th Month 2d, 1890.

OLD MEMORIES.

The Scene of Kipling's Tales

[The New York Times]

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 13.—Capt. Clement M. Bellairs, now residing in St. Louis, was for ten years, from 1861 to 1871, an officer in the Royal Havre Artillery in India. He is a finished scholar, a great traveler, and a man of rare literary attainments. He was asked to-day for his views on the literary works of Rudyard Kipling. In the course of a long conversation on the subject Capt. Bellairs said:—

'Rudyard Kipling has been as fortunate as was Rider Haggard in his choice of a new field in which to dress the stage for his characters, and as long as he confined himself to British India, its society, and the scenes of its most modern campaigns, just so long has he been able to attract both attention and admiration. The comparatively unknown details of the military and social life of the men and women who strut the stage of the great dependency of England in the far East as its leading characters cannot fail to be of interest to those who are curious to know how English habits, English laws, and English rule can be grafted on a population of 300,000,000 Hindu and Mussulman fellow-subjects of the Kaiser I. Hind. In painting the details Kipling has proved himself a master-hand, both fearless and attractive.

'Teeming with interest, as are even the commonplaces of everyday life in India, there have been but very few Englishmen who have devoted themselves to writing about them. The very great majority of the English whose lots are cast in the great peninsula are in the direct employ of the Crown, either military men or civil servants, and for these the exposing of social or official shortcomings after the manner of Kipling is at least frowned down, if even not actually forbidden. Writing to the papers or the publishing of fiction founded on fact, in which the picturing of the foibles of a

senior could possibly be suspected, would bring down the wrath of the magnates of Indian officialism on the head of the venturesome junior who attempted it.

'Not being in Government employ, Mr. Kipling has been entirely untrammelled by these considerations, and in his rare collection of stories about India he has availed himself to the utmost of his opportunity. It has been suggested that in these stories he has—that he must have—exaggerated the peculiarities of the Anglo-Indian military, official, and social systems. This is not, however, exactly or even generally correct. Here and there his points are no doubt somewhat overdrawn, but, on the whole, his coloring is not guilty of splashing, and where he is florid, the most simple mind of his readers can see that he means his plastering to be transparent. His greatest fault as a writer of good stories—and this applies especially to his works when brought to this side of the Atlantic—is to be found in the copious interlarding of his English with Hindustanee words and expressions. This fault no doubt arises from the fact that in India, whether in the drawing-room, the mess, or the Court House, Hindustanee words and idioms find their way into almost every sentence. This is especially the case in Bengal, evidently the only part of India where Mr. Kipling is at home. Kipling's relapses into Hindostanee are occasionally fatal to the chances of any one but an Anglo-Indian understanding the matter he is reading. For instance, in one of the latest of his works, "The Story of the Gadsbys," he carries the reader with him until he arrives at his climax—the deathbed scene of a dying bride. The young wife is delirious; the husband is sitting, crushed, in an adjoining room; the chaplain is administering him consolation in the shape of brandy and soda, and the doctor, hopeless, comforts him as best he can with the platitudes of the "In-the-midst-of-life-we-are-in-death" description. Incidentally the ayah (lady's maid) calls to a man outside, "Punkah chords." There is nothing in the text which could explain the remark to the ordinary reader, and the story progresses in the direction of the fatal weakness of the one and of the increasing consolation to the other of the principals, until the watchful ayah suddenly shrieks, "Pusseena agya!" From this moment begins the restoration to health of the young woman. To the initiated the change is practically simple. The ayah, noting the coldness of her mistress, has simply ordered the man pulling the punkah over the bed to "punkah chords" ("cease fanning"), and, subsequently discerning a new action of the lady's skin, knows that her mistress is saved, and announces it by the glad shout of "Pusseena agya" ("the sweat has come"). To the ordinary American who has not mastered any of the tongues of the gorgeous East, the culminating point of interest in the story of "The Gadsbys" must ever remain lost for his want of knowledge of the Hindustanee equivalent of the verb to perspire. This is not clever authorship.

It is not possible that the Kipling stories could ever be as popular in America as in England, for here there is no such specially interested class to appeal to as there is across the water, but still many of them would be attractive anywhere. Perhaps the very best of them, or, at least, the one most powerfully written, is that entitled "The Man That Was." All of the stories of the three soldiers Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris are delicious, and in a few of his productions Mr. Kipling shines brightly in pathos. His "Wee Willie Winkie," "Thrown Away," and "By Word of Mouth," are among his best in this line, while the fun fairly sparkles in his "Taking of Lungtungpen," and many others of his stories. Everyone should read Kipling's short stories even if he has never learned how many annas there are in a rupee, or the joys contained in a genuine Madras pawn curry. My own experience has borne out the truth contained in that singular and seemingly exaggerated sketch, "The Big Drunk Draft." In short, Rudyard Kipling's stories represent the only valuable attempt to penetrate and portray the native social system of India that has been made since Capt. Meadows Taylor wrote his remarkable "Confessions of a Thug."

Notes

A NEW EDITION of 'The Evolution of Man and Christianity,' by the Rev. Howard Mac Queary of Canton, Ohio, will be published by D. Appleton & Co. on Tuesday next, Jan. 13. Mr. Mac Queary has written for this edition a preface in which he explains and defends the position assumed in the book, and for which he was put upon trial for heresy on Thursday of this week. He takes up, one by one, the charges brought against him by his critics, and either denies them *in toto*, or stops to argue the point. His book was not, he says, intended to be exhaustive, but was designed simply 'as a popular summary of scientific-theological opinions from the evolution point of view.' Mr. Mac Queary's book has already been reviewed in these columns (*The Critic*, March 29, 1890).

—Dr. D. G. Brinton has in press 'The American Race: a Linguistic Classification and Ethnographic Description of the Native Tribes of North and South America'—the first attempt ever made to classify all the Indian tribes by their languages. The work treats also of customs, religions, physical traits, arts, antiquities and traditions.

—'Three Normandy Inns' (not Junes) is the title of Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd's forthcoming book. Writer's cramp is responsible for the slip in our last number.

—The determination of Mr. Brayton Ives, President of the Western National Bank and ex-President of the Stock Exchange, to disperse his collection of books, manuscripts and objects of art, gives promise of one of the greatest sales that have ever occurred in America. The rarest 'rarities' in his possession are the Pembroke 'Book of Hours,' for which he paid \$10,000; the Gutenberg Bible, for which he is supposed to have given \$14,000 or \$16,000 to Mr. Hamilton Cole (who had paid about \$8500 for it), two of the letters of Columbus (Latin edition), the first four folios of Shakespeare, and 'Champlain's Voyages.' It is said that \$500,000 is a conservative estimate of the value of the collection. It will be sold at the American Art Galleries early in March.

—'Men of the Times,' to be known henceforth as 'Men and Women of the Times,' will be issued in a new edition early in the spring by George Routledge & Sons.

—Mr. F. H. Saltus is bringing out through Charles Wells Moulton, the Buffalo publisher, an edition of the works in prose and verse of his elder son, the late Francis Saltus. The two books of poetry just issued—'Shadows and Ideals' and 'The Witch of Endor, and Other Poems'—are to be followed by twenty-one volumes more, four of which will appear this year.

—Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston publishes this week Tolstol's latest work, 'The Fruits of Culture.'

—The Humane Education Association is having 'Black Beauty' translated into Italian, French, German, Spanish, and Volapük. In English, 216,000 copies are said to have been sold in America.

—'The success of "Zury" and his subsequent books,' we learn from America, 'has led Major Kirkland to give up the practice of the law and devote himself entirely to literature. For the present, however, it is likely that his revenues are more certainly replenished from the regular review work he does for the [Chicago] *Tribune* than from the sale of his more permanent contributions to literature and the fame of Chicago.'

—Messrs. Scribner announce that the branch of their business heretofore conducted under the name of Scribner & Welford will be carried on, after Jan. 31, under the name of Charles Scribner's Sons, which title will thereafter include all departments of their business. This will involve no change in their importation of books, and is made solely 'to simplify their methods of work and for the convenience of customers.'

—Additional volumes of Henry Adams's 'History of the United States,' to be issued this month by Charles Scribner's Sons, relate to the second Administration of Madison. 'Talks with Athenian Youths,' five dialogues translated from Plato, will be published soon by the same house.

—A portrait of Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of 'The Anglomaniacs,' 'Flower de Hundred,' etc., is the frontispiece of the January *Book Buyer*. A biographical sketch accompanies it.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has received a telegram from Mr. Knowles, editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, saying that he has sent him, as a New Year's present, the original manuscript of Mr. Gladstone's article on Mr. Carnegie's pamphlet 'The Gospel of Wealth.'

—Some 3000 books that had belonged to President Fillmore were sold in Buffalo the other day by the executors of the late Millard Powers Fillmore, the President's son. The law-books went for very little—five cents a volume, some of them; and the prices of even the miscellaneous books 'ruled low.' A set of Sterne brought fifty cents a volume, while ninety-nine volumes of *The North American Review* were knocked down at eighty cents each.

—Lee & Shepard are issuing Henry Wood's story 'Edward Burton' in paper covers.

—Mr. Joseph S. Tunison, author of 'Master Virgil' (1888) and for some time managing editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has recently become a member of the editorial staff of the *Tribune*.

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's description of his gunning expedition in British Columbia and in this country will be published two or three months hence; and the author, it is said, will hunt again in those regions in the spring, preparatory to his journey to India next summer with his parents.

—Certain shares of the common stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have been exchanged by Johns Hopkins University for 10,000 shares of preferred stock, which are free from taxation and pay six per cent. interest. For several years the common stock (of which 3000 shares are still held by the University) had yielded no income, though before that it had paid ten per cent. So while the University is better off than it was a while ago, it is not so rich by \$90,000 a year as it was at a somewhat earlier period—or rather it would not be, had not generous friends rallied to its aid. Its future is now assured—a fact over which all lovers of learning must heartily rejoice.

—Macmillan & Co. will soon publish 'Studies in Literature,' by John Morley, and a nine-volume edition of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare,' revised by Aldis Wright.

—The posthumous works of De Quincey have been arranged by Dr. Japp, and are to be issued immediately in this country by the United States Book Co. They include a number of essays altogether new and a number of additions to essays already published.

—Mudie's Library has taken about 1000 copies of 'In Darkest England.'

—In 'The Journal of William Maclay' (Senator from Pennsylvania 1789-91), edited by Edgar S. Maclay, and published by D. Appleton & Co., it is shown that the tariff question occupied a large share of the attention of the first sittings of the American Senate; also that Anglomaniya was as rampant then (under the name of 'nobilitania') as it is to-day.

—Père Didon's Life of Christ will be issued here by D. Appleton & Co., simultaneously with its appearance in England. It has had a tremendous sale in France.

—Many famous names meet the eye in running over the list of contributors to the January *Ladies' Home Journal*—Mr. Stanley, Dr. Holmes, Ex-President Hayes, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, Joseph Jefferson, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Mme. Albani, J. W. Riley, Gen. Lew Wallace, George W. Childs, Dr. Talmage, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Edward Bellamy, Charles A. Dana, Sarah Orne Jewett, George W. Cable, Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, and Mrs. Margaret Bottome, mother of the King's Daughters.

—Mr. Whittaker is bringing out Canon Luckock's 'Intermediate State Between Death and Judgment' and Wm. H. Simcox's 'Writers of the New Testament.'

—Contributions to the 'History of My Own Life' is the final volume in the complete works of Leopold von Ranke. It has been edited by Prof. Adolf Dove, and contains interesting descriptions of the historian's childhood and youth, a selection of letters ranging over nearly seventy years, and extracts from his diaries containing notes of interviews with the most famous men of the time.

—A Mrs. Fletcher, who died lately in England, was a direct descendant of Joan Hart, Shakespeare's sister, and the owner of the poet's jug and stick. She was a prosperous gun-maker.

—Sir John Thompson, Canadian Minister of Justice, has recently made public a communication addressed by him to the Secretary for the Colonies, setting forth the injustice under which Canadian manufacturers of books and Canadian readers labor because of the present state of the copyright law. His argument supports the Canadian Copyright act of 1889, which is still waiting the imperial proclamation necessary to give it the force of law. He says:—

The restrictions of the publishing business in Canada have the effect of driving many residents of Canada to seek homes in the United States. It would not be wondered at that Canadians should complain when in regard to so important a matter as the furnishing of literature to our people they are hindered by a monopoly nominally in favor of British publishers, but really and practically in favor of the publisher in the United States.

—We should like to learn the present address of Sidwell N. Breeze, who on Sept. 26, addressed a communication to this office from Plainfield, N. J.

—The sum needed to complete the Maria Mitchell endowment fund, which the alumnae of Vassar are endeavoring to raise, is \$40,000, the general committee in New York having on hand \$26,000, favorably invested. The committee appointed to complete the fund comprises Mrs. Katherine Stanton Griffis, '77, Boston; Mrs. Jane Cushing Underwood, '80, Belmont; Mrs. Helene O'Leary Davis, '77, Brooklyn; Miss M. A. Cumnock, '84, Lowell, and Miss A. L. Jenckes, '87, Pawtucket, R. I.

—When Mr. Stead started *The Review of Reviews* last January, sanguine friends thought he might work up a circulation of 50,000 copies by the end of the present year. He thought so, too. Of the September number, 90,000 copies were sold. The first edition of the October number was of 100,000 copies, and 10,000 more had to be printed. Mr. Stead then hoped to be able to begin the com-

ing year with an edition of 150,000. In November 125,000 copies were sold, and an extra edition of 15,000 called for before the forms left the press. The December (Christmas) number is of double size (200 pages), and the first edition comprises 200,000 copies. How much of the demand for this number has been created by the announcement that it will contain a frontispiece portrait of Mr. Stead, seated in his editorial sanctum, we cannot say. But the phenomenal rapidity of the growth of the *Review's* circulation re-illustrates the adage that nothing succeeds like success.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1599.—Can you tell me if there is such a thing as a book of technical terms used in business? E. V. C.

ANSWERS

1595.—The epigram no doubt refers to Henry James Pye, who preceded Southey as Poet Laureate, and died in 1813; and Charles Small Pybus, who died in 1810. Pye was a prolific writer, and the victim of many a thrust at the hands of his contemporaries (compare *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, Vol. III., p. 460). Pybus published a poem in 1800 called 'The Sovereign: Addressed to his Imperial Majesty of all the Russias.' His portrait was placed at the front, and a magnificent copy was sent to Russia by the author. The name Burges should be spelled Burges; thus in a copy of Sir James Bland Burges's 'Dramas' (2 vols., London, 1817), which lies before me, having on the title-page the following inscription, written in a neat hand:—'Monsieur Talma is requested to honour these Dramas by his acceptance, as a proof of the admiration and respect in which he is held by the author.'

The names Pye and Burges are also linked in Ben Jonson's appeal to Sir Robert Pye, great-great-grandfather of the poet and Auditor of the Exchequer to James I.; to him Jonson looked for the payment of his pension or salary as Poet Laureate:—

Father John Burges,
Necessity urges
My mournful cry
To Sir Robert Pye:
And that he would venture
To send my debenture,
Tell him, his Ben
Knew the time when
He loved the Muses,
Though now he refuses
To take apprehension
Of a year's pension.

See *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1813, p. 293.

STATE UNIVERSITY, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

F. W. K.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Austin, A. The Tower of Babel. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.
Balzac, H. De. The Chouans. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Bartholomew, J. G. School Atlas. \$3. Macmillan & Co.
Charles, C. Honduras. \$1.50. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Colonna, F. Strife of Love in a Dream. Ed. by A. Lang. London: David Nutt.
Color in the School Room. Springfield: Milton Bradley Co.
Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by L. Stevens and S. Lee. Vol. XXV. \$3.75. Macmillan & Co.
Ewing, Lucie Lee. Four Important Faculties. Phila.: L. Lee Ewing.
Good-Night Poetry. Compiled by W. P. Garrison. 70c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Griffis, W. E. Honda the Samurai. \$1.50. Boston: Congregationalist Pub. Society.
Lesueur, D. Marriage of Gabrielle. Tr. by L. E. Kendall. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Museum of American Archaeology: First Annual Report. University of Pennsylvania.
Naso, P. Ovidius. Selections from. Ed. by F. W. Kelsey. \$1.25. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Peattie, E. W. The Judge. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Pollock, F. Oxford Lectures. \$2.50. Macmillan & Co.
Rawnsley, H. D. Poems, Ballads, and Bucolics. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.
Royce, N. K. Study of Genius. \$1.25. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Saltus, F. S. Shadows and Ideals. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.
Saltus, F. S. The Witch of En-dor, and Other Poems. Chicago: C. W. Moulton.
Scott, W. Old Mortality. 70c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Shakespeare, W. King John. Ed. by K. Deighton. 40c. Macmillan & Co.
Tennyson, A. L. Poetical Works of. \$2.25. Macmillan & Co.
Tourgee, A. W. Murvale Eastman. \$1.50. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
White, G. Philosophy of American Literature. 35c. Boston: Ginn & Co.



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MEMORIAL



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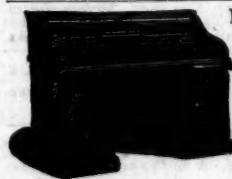


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